

You're in a room. There are also friends around you.
You just sit there, finally starting to feel high. Laugh,
that's all you seem to want to do.

Someone yells at you. "Keep your cool!" "Watch your-
self!" "Where did you get the damn blasted stuff?" "Who
gave it to you?"

Questions, questions and more questions. They're just
about ready to make you freak out.

All of a sudden you can't hear anyone anymore. You
see the beautiful colors and formations starting to take
shape. All of a sudden you're talking to yourself. You
see what you want to see. Many hours go by and you
start feeling depressed.

All this time someone (your close friend) is watching
you, taking care of you. They notice you starting to come
down. They try to keep your mind off things. Keep you
feeling happy. In other words, they don't want you to get
caught or get in trouble.

"Be quiet!" they shout.

You start crying, and then start laugh

You start crying, and then start laughing. You feel all
mixed up. You don't know what to do. Suddenly you get
quiet. Why!? Then you hear footsteps coming. You roll
over on your bed in time. The matron comes in and asks
what's going on.

You black out and don't remember anything until you
awaken many hours later in a strange bed to find you
can't leave the hospital till they take tests and work on
you.

Ask yourself - - was it worth it?

- Sirena Shippentower

I'd Rather Be

I'd rather be the second hand
Than the minute hand.
For my hand runs faster.
While the minute hand awaits
The second, to move.

I'd rather be the day
Than the night.
For my eyes would see far.
The night sees only darkness
Over the land.

I'd rather be the mountain
Than the hill.
For then I'm tall and people look up.
While the hill
While the hill is round, and
Just passed by.

I'd rather be the church
Than the tavern,
For I rest in love and peace,
While the tavern is restless,
Feeling guilty and scared.

- - Rita George

Untitled

Some mother's son lies in a field.
Someone has killed some mother's son today.
While all the mothers stand and wait,
Some mother's son ain't coming home today.
Some mother's son ain't got no brain.

Two soldiers fighting in a trench—
One soldier glances up to see the sun,
And dreams up games he played when he was young.
And then his friend calls out his name.
It's not the dream that turns the world.
A second later he is dead.

Back home they put his picture in a frame,
But all dead soldiers look the same.
While all the parents stand and wait
To beat their children coming home from school.
Some mother's son is lying dead.

Somewhere someone is crying.
Someone's trying to be so brave.
And still the world keeps turning.
Of all the children gone away.
Some mother's son lies in a field.
But in his mother's eyes he looks the same
As on the day he went away.

- - Ron Abarca

The Wind

The wind, it's fast.
The wind, it's slow.
No matter how vast,
No matter how small,
The wind must blow.

The wind may twist and turn
With all its might.
But it may yearn
To be very slight.

Tho you may laugh,
And think it stupid as sin,
Let me see you do better,
Or wipe off that silly grin.

- - Gene Cree